

Lima Delta Oscar November

by 1-1 Marines

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Summary: Written on the late night of Labor Day. Hope y'all appreciate it.

Lima Delta Oscar November

****ME:** A little late-night piece I did for Labor Day; might not be my best work, and apologies if I'm delayed on my other projects. If I could devote all my time to making you guys happy, I could just because I like it. God bless all of you.******

The Pelican pilot smiled under his helmet. He was now on approach to Luna and would very well be able to prove himself worthy of his wings.

"Mare Nubium Control, Mare Nubium Control," he began hailing, "happy Labor-."

"WHAT?!" The traffic controller responded. "_Happy Labor Day?_"

"Control, what's wrong?" He replied.

"Listen you worthless Martian! And don't bother asking how I know your accent; I've never left what you bastards call Earth's moon. There is little to no natural gravity, our settlements have to be vacuum-sealed and my people rely on jerks like you for basic supplies since we can barely get anything out of this rock. You little rotten brats have your own little terraformed colony, with virtually all the comforts Earth has since you're so buddy-buddy with them. Do you know what it's like to survive out in space, and don't say you know what hell is-you can come home to a nice dinner whenever you please. I always hated you people-do you know how much sweat we've sacrificed to jumpstart this system? You guys are worthless, spoiled, snot-nosed morons who have breathed real air-we have to live in recycled crap! And you have the nerve to wish me a happy Labor Day?!"

The pilot paused, then shook his head. "Jerk." With that he switched off his channel. "Captain Keyes, sir, what would you have me do?"

The Captain responded instantly. "Inform them I have a metal bottle of vintage mineral water from the Swiss Alps, son. I've taught there before at that Academy; after a few years, that's a luxury none of them will resist."

The pilot smiled.

****ME:** It would stink to be on the moon, both in real-life and in Halo-there's less gravity, not even an atmosphere to terraform and the fact knowing humanity (which I would probably just be as guilty of; we're all human) would probably treat it like a glorified truck stop. No offense to gas station attendants; I'd hate putting deuterium in zero-g too.******

End
file.